

HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1910.

## The Liquor Problem in Hawaii

Report to the National Convention of the American Anti-Saloon League, Chicago, December 5-12, 1909, by John G. Woolley.

(From The Friend)

I have not been idle in Hawaii, but my report is a record, not of accomplishment, but of opportunity and need.

Draw a line from San Francisco to Port Darwin; another from San Diego to Singapore; another from Acapulco to Yokohama; another from Panama to Hong Kong; another from Valparaiso to Vladivostok; another from Sitka to Wellington.

These lines will cross in the Hawaiian Islands—the Pleiades of the Pacific. Eight inhabited floating gardens, marvels of beauty, salubrity and hospitality. Where, even as here, the liquor trade, the leprosy of human industry, eats off the fingers of opportunity; eats away the lips of truth; eats out the eyes of ambition and the heart of hope; and pays a rake-off to the revenues for the privilege. That is my parish and my home.

These Islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, just at the time when King George III was discovering Mr. George Washington.

Exactly 120 years later, the Hawaiian Republic left itself on the doorstep of the United States and became The Territory of Hawaii, in line for statehood, and already beginning to play a part of prodigious significance in the drama of World politics, for the New World has moved to Asia, America fronts west and the Pacific ocean is the future.

Uncle Sam has no niece that can compare in loveliness with his adopted daughter. The Hawaiian year has but one month—365 days of rare North temperate June. The Hawaiian dictionary contains no word for "weather."

But the climatic perfection implies no monotony of temperature. The ocean currents and the contour of the land ensure variety, all the way from perpetual snow on the top of Mauna Kea to 85 deg. Fahrenheit in the lee of Punchbowl. If one knows what climate he wishes, he takes a walk and gets it; that is all. At a given point, the mean annual variation is about 10 deg. and the range from noon to midnight about the same.

The Hawaiian landscape matches the climate by contrast. The one is as bold as the other is mild.

From my office window, to the right, half a dozen exquisite valleys open, thick with bungalows at first, but later, mounting into primeval lava-shards and scraps of rainbow, vocal and fragrant with voices and odors of the woods, and in the upper reaches, damp with frequent rains and capricious mountain streams.

In front, the Waialeale range of mountains scrawls its long indurated on the sky-line, witnessing to the indefeasible title of life against the tyranny of force, and even death, the trespasser; for, all these quiet, reassuring summits are old volcanoes that, in some youthful passion of the world, hissed their hot fury from the ocean bed, and spouted red defiance at the stars, while the sea boiled like a kettle. But here they stand, groups of bucolic statuary, catching rain-water, for miles and miles of sugar cane. The boiling lava was land, in the making; the belching eruption was the love song of the elements; and the fire was life, or full of life.

To the left, I spend many an hour watching the long catapult of the South Pacific, green, jealous, cruel, ramming, wave on wave, ten thousand miles of sullen protest against these upstart specks of change, only to fling out flags of surf against the coral bayonets of the reef, where ships of all nations ride in utter calm, and brown Hawaiian boys disport themselves as in a pond. It is the trace of Reaction to Reform.

The blue haze on the mountains, the green interminableness of the sea, the gracious brooding of the soft, sweet sky, the quiet of the scene and of the life, induce a spell almost hypnotic. The spirit of Hawaii seems to say: "There, do not hurry, there is plenty of time. Work if you will, but don't ferment; what is left today, will be good for tomorrow, or perhaps there will be other days."

If you gather from this, that Hawaii is

indolent or slipshod, you mislead yourself. Where nerves do not sputter, fewer motions give more results. Hawaii is slow but busy. We have great riches, but no idle rich.

The extra-natural conditions conduce to tolerance and breadth of beam. Ships are civilizations; and Hawaii is the cross-roads for the ships of all nations. All sorts and conditions of men mingle on our water-front. All freaks and ingenuities of vice, and all the standard forms of virtue, gather there.

American civilization is on trial in Hawaii, with every known competition present and working, and tourist statesmen, students and philanthropists from the four quarters of the earth, taking notes.

The Territory of Hawaii is Inspector General of American public health, against the invasion of Oriental diseases. No infected ship gets farther than Quarantine in Honolulu bay. Nor does that port without full timely warning to the mainland.

The Territory of Hawaii is the master-key of the Pacific, in case of war. No fleet from the far East could ever deliver a challenge to America, without coaling at Honolulu. The great American question, in the event of trouble with Japan, would be, "How strong is Hawaii?" And the federal government is constructing the answer now, regardless of expense.

In the curve of the beach at Waikiki, deep emplacements are waiting for the great guns that will command the roadway from the harbor to the sea. Dead in front of the channel, and sweeping it from end to end, another battery has its position. Further on, Pearl Harbor hides impregnable armament. The entrails of the old volcano, Diamond Head have been replaced with vitals of artillery and ammunition for action indefinitely prolonged. The adjacent sea is platted in mathematical squares; and from his look-out on the lip of the crater, an expert aims the great mortars in the pits below.

To man the batteries and shipyards and police every foot of the shore, bodies of picked men from all arms of the service are on duty. It has been a part of my business to observe them carefully. They are young, clean, quiet, and a credit to the country. But the monotony and enforced idleness of the life they lead put heavy strain upon the soundest character. And it is there, that the liquor trade gets in its sneaking, poisoning work among them.

More than seventy-five saloons are licensed to lay for them in the one island of Oahu—about 150 in the group. Wholesale liquor stores are mere saloons in Hawaii, except two or three great firms that sell liquor incidentally, and bona fide wholesale. The others are dram-sellers and the worst of dram-sellers, willing, and legally entitled, to sell any quantity, however small, as "bottled goods," and to operate outside bars.

The federal government has drummed the drink out of the camps, for the health, safety and efficiency of the soldier. The rule is enforced, and increasingly respected by the officers. The territorial authorities co-operate, as to the camps outside the city, and refuse to license man-traps at the gates. But distances are short. The marine barracks is in the heart of the city. And the city is a cantonment of saloons.

It is not worse, in this respect, than other license cities of its size. It is rather better. But the conditions that obtain, make the saloons of Honolulu more mischievous than those that prey upon mainland cities of the same class.

The island of Oahu is to all intents and purposes a naval and military camp; from the water to the clouds on the mountains. The rule of congress should embrace it all, and the illicit liquor seller should be hunted out as diligently as plague rats, for the health and honor of the soldier and the country.

The native Hawaiians, reduced now, by the vices and diseases of Christian nations, to some forty thousand in number, are as fine a race, under the circumstances, as the world can show. Measured by any standard, they exhibit some virtues that would adorn the nations that are more advanced. They are nominally Christians. That is, they are precisely like other Christians. But they are

still the veriest barbarians when they take to drink.

They have no love of money, to make them stingy. They have no love of power, to make them prudent. They have no loud call to thrift and industry. They are gentle, handsome, hospitable, peaceful. But they are only ninety years removed from naked animalism. The liquor traffic simply murders them.

For the sake of humanity and decency, the spirit of the international agreement to keep alcoholic drinks from South Sea peoples; and the policy of our own government which keeps American Samoa safe from the saloon; ought to include Hawaii.

But the Territory is unequal to this plain duty, though well enough disposed, until the sturdy, middle-class democracy arrives. It has not arrived, and is not yet beginning to arrive.

Hawaii has a population of 170,000. Seventy thousand of these are Japanese, presenting a problem that is serious, if not dangerous. Their children born in Hawaii are American citizens. The time is not far away when they will be an important factor in politics.

Twenty thousand are Chinese. Sixteen thousand are Portuguese. Seven thousand are hybrids. And ten thousand are Anglo-Saxon. A percentage of the beneficiaries of Hawaiian plantations reside away from the Islands. They receive their monthly dividends on sugar stock and their Semi-Annual interest on Sugar bonds, and contribute nothing to the actual man-to-man problem of good government. A few of the strong white men take their political duty seriously but, speaking broadly, the better whites avoid politics. The legislature is controlled by natives. The constabulary is native. The Territory is at the mercy of the liquor men, who are white, expert, unscrupulous, and indefatigable.

A majority of the natives are opposed to the liquor trade. But they cannot cope with the liquor power either in cunning or stability. There is abundant sentiment and courage; but both are undeveloped as to fighting-power and staying-power.

Even if the native officials were more nearly adequate to deal with the cleverest of all public enemies, the representatives of the Internal Revenue Department of the federal government, while very efficient in that service, are—even by their very efficiency—practically abettors of the illicit liquor sellers. The fault is not in the officials, but in the law, save in one particular; they do not enforce the law that requires the Special liquor dealer's tax receipt to be posted up in a conspicuous place.

The illicit business in the Islands is not great in volume, but it is very serious. The government and the military and naval officers protect the camps on the inside, and the Territory does its best to cooperate, and to protect the fish market—the great gathering place of the natives. But the illicit liquor seller—with his federal tax receipt concealed—largely nullifies them all, and in the operation, furnishes his brethren of the legitimate trade with the stock argument for their business existence—that "prohibition does not prohibit."

Hawaii is purely a problem of conservation and reclamation. The porous lava mountains are saturated with water, like giant sponges. Leeward agriculture means first and always development of the latent moisture and its distribution by irrigation systems. Titanic pumps, today, are lifting water five hundred feet for farming purposes. This means enormous capital and herculean labor.

Leeward sociology presents precisely the same characteristics. The Hawaiian race, which controls the law-making, law-enforcing function in the islands, is rich in moral and political potentialities. The fruit of ninety years of missionary work surely abides. But the soil of barbarism is very porous; and the application of Christian ethics to democratic social tillage is still a matter of many years of social engineering.

In short, the present developed police power of the Territory cannot meet the liquor situation. It can help and is ready to help, and in the long run it would win. But the present need is too great to wait for a remotely future remedy.

Hawaii is the Capitol of American peace, and the model of American missions. The federal government ought to control, can control, the liquor traffic in the Islands. The ports are in its hands. The federal officers are capable and locally untangled. Its power is respected and feared. The federal judges are independent, and very able.

The federal government ought to take the matter in charge promptly and finally. The native people are entitled to it. The best interests of the army and navy demand it. All classes of helpful and honorable business men would favor it. And the object lesson would be famous throughout the world.

I therefore ask your earnest cooperation in an effort to secure the passage of Senate Bill 1862 now pending in Congress giving prohibition to Hawaii.

## PARADISE PARAGRAPHS

BY WILL SABIN.

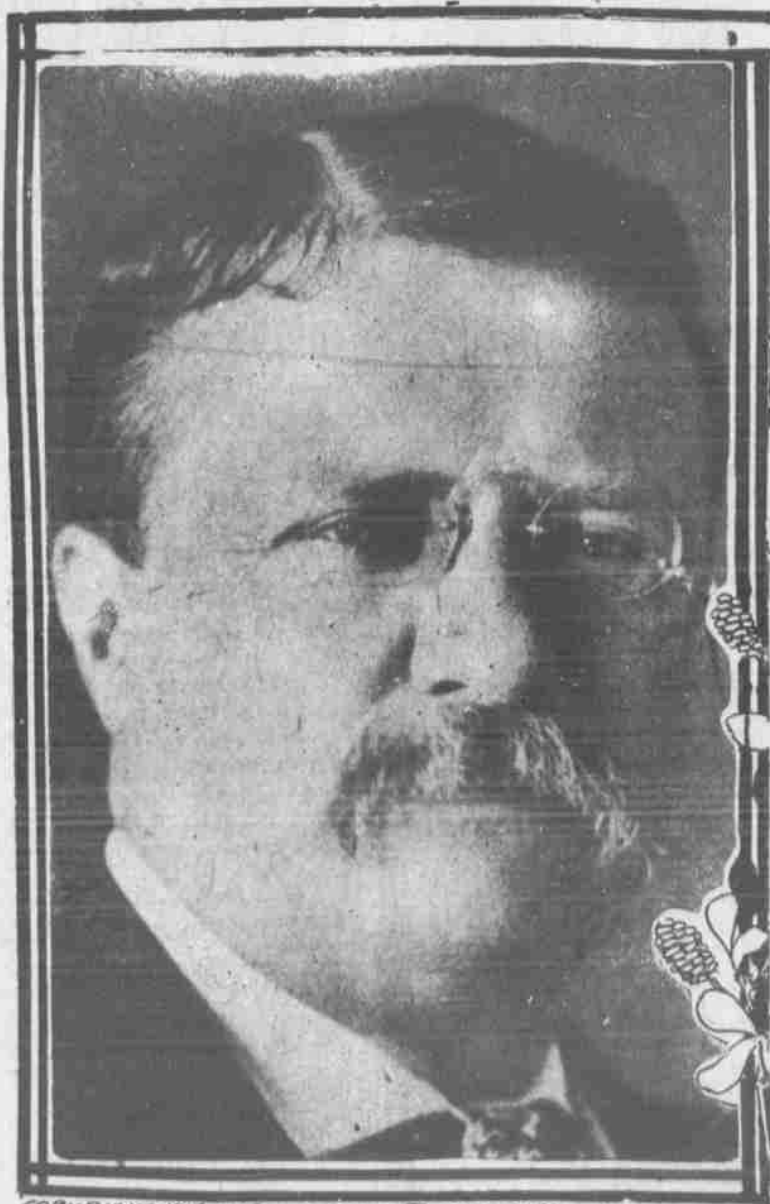
There's something appropriate in The Star urging a subscription for an observatory from which to view Halley's Comet—sort of an astral influence, though it doesn't follow that all the signatures are "signs" from heaven.

It is said by some scientists that when the earth passes through the tail of Halley's Comet, in a few months, the gaseous influence of the fiery spheroid's caudal appendage will have a stimulating effect on humans; that everybody will do what they do with increased power, greater fervor, exalted energy and greater force. Which will mean that the philanthropist will give more; the drunk will become drunker; barbers will talk more; Berger will invent a new march (probably "Ray! Ray! The Comet Has Come"); Governor Frear will become freer; the Nuuanu Dam will be more damnable; the dear girls will be dearer; cheap sports will be cheaper; every bet will be better; every butt, butter; every dollar will look like two dollars, and every contribution of the Stork will be twins.

You want to prepare for the census taker, for he will be around shortly, and he will likely as not never ask you the following questions which he should ask you:—At what age were you born? Where were you born, if you remember? What nationality, if any? What is your sex, socialist or suffragette? What's the difference between your own valuation and the valuation the tax assessor gives you? Are you married or singular? Whom or what are you doing for a living? Are you afflicted with hookworm, gossip, cold feet, the knocking habit, high heels or any other form of insanity? What are your religious convictions, Homeopath, Democrat or Baptist? Good morning, have you used Peary's soap?—the north pole was Peary's hope. If rich, how did you get? Does the other fellow know it? If poor, why? How

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## ROOSEVELT AS GREAT INTERNATIONAL AGENT TO PREVENT WAR



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NEW YORK, December 24.—Andrew Carnegie sat by a window in the library of his palace, 2 East Ninety-first street today, while Christmas shoppers were hurrying to and fro along Fifth avenue, and discussed universal peace with a representative of "The Examiner." He pointed out that the United States spent \$470,000,000 last year in improving and maintaining the navy—more money than is needed to build the Panama Canal and sufficient to establish a system of internal water navigation throughout our whole country.

Smiling as he spoke, the great library founder and juggler of millions made in steel, wished high and low, rich and poor a merry Christmas. To the rich he wished happier days.

since he had observed them to be just about the most miserable people imaginable as a class.

WORLD PEACE FEASIBLE.

"You come to me," Carnegie said, "at a most propitious time—Christmas eve—when the thoughts of all turn from their daily cares to that of peace and good will which lead us to pray:

"That come it may, as come it will for a that.

"That man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a that.

The interview was along the line of the editorial to be published in "The Examiner" to-morrow morning, entitled "A Christmas Plea for Per-

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## PRICE FALLS WITH PINCHOT

Culmination of Ballinger and Pinchot Quarrel May Cause Republican Split.

## LATHAM MAKES HIGH FLIGHT.

Cardinal Satolli Dies—Nivaragua Revolutionary General Drowned.

(Associated Press Morning Service.) WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8. —With Forester Pinchot fell Overton

W. Price, associate forester and chief of the bureau of forest measurements, and Solicitor Shaw, head of the legal department of the forest service. Price had been in the department since 1899 and was Pinchot's right-hand man.

Insubordination on the part of Pinchot and his lieutenant is the reason given for the summary action of the President.

It is freely predicted that the dropping of Pinchot will result in a breach between President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt and it is feared that the Republican party is facing the danger of a serious split. The situation is generally admitted to be critical.

REVOLUTIONIST DROWNED. BLUEFIELDS, January 8.—General Diaz of the revolutionary army was

drowned yesterday while on his way to Managua. Diaz was going as the representative of the revolutionists to discuss terms for a possible treaty of peace between the forces of Estrada and the army of the government.

## FLYING HEIGHT RECORD.

MOURMELON, January 8.—Latham eclipsed all records for aerial navigation yesterday, when he drove his aeroplane through space at the remarkable elevation of 3600 feet.

## CARDINAL SATOLLI DEAD.

ROME, January 8.—His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, died here yesterday, after a lingering illness.

Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

## ALAMEDA LEAVES AUTOS ON WHARF

Fourteen fine, 1910 automobiles, destined for Honolulu garages, were left by the Alameda on the wharf at San Francisco, and will have to come down on the Lurline next week or some other vessel. Eight of these machines were for the Von Hamm Young Company and five for the Hawaiian Hotel garage.

It appears that the machines were delivered at the wharf along with other freight, piled mountains high. Three automobiles for the Associated Garage were reached, but the big lot of fourteen remained.